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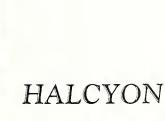
























We couldn't help but notice your concern!

STAFF NOTE

In this issue our second and last of the year, we have tried to compensate for the lack of two issues. This *Halcyon* main theme has been to expand the scope of all future magazine publications at Harper. Therefore, the time, effort, and money that would have been devoted to our normally scheduled third and fourth issues have been pooled together to produce this expanded magazine.

The magazine that you are now holding is more yours than any other item at Harper College. The *Halcyon* is completely paid for by student funds and continues to exist and thrive due to the emthusiasm and support devoted to this publication by many students.

In this issue, we have enlarged the staff to include several professionals so that you could read original and previously unpublished works. It should be understood that the *Halcyon* is still a student magazine with first priority being to provide students with a vehicle for the publication of their ideas and literary works

Next year there will be four issues of the same caliber as this issue. The style and content of the *Halcyon* is not fixed but rather is of a fluid and inovating nature. If you have any ideas, suggestions, and/or comments, we would welcome hearing about them. If you would like to work on the staff for next year, drop in at A-367 and talk to us. We look forward to seeing you.

THE STAFF

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Halcyon this year has been under the worried and watchful eye of many students, faculty, and administrators. We would like you all to know that your deep concern has not gone unappreciated — in fact, we thank you all.

Please understand that this *Halcyon* was produced with the odds against it. First of all there was no official editor until early March which left us with the task of overcoming the stigma of the first issue, and putting together a staff. Just as things started rolling our printer quit. We then had to bid out for another printer, establish printing and layout style within 6 weeks.

I would now like to personally thank the people most directly responsible for the success of this issue. First of all, Mr. Frank Borelli who at many times went out of his way to help us. Mr. Fred Inden for helping us when we needed help most. Also, Steve Frangos and Dale Destree, these two people are more responsible than any other for the success of the magazine. Without their untiring effort, this magazine could never have come out.

We would like to add a special note of thanks to our printer, Tom Wierdak, for the help and concern that he has given us. Without this, our task would have been many times more difficult.

> Thank You, Michael L. Reszke

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ABC

No Credit

You have been operating under the A-B-C-D grading system ever since you entered the first grade. While this system may have been good for your early schooling, it has recently come under increasing attack. Up until a few years ago, secondary schools and higher institutions of learning used the A-B-C-D-F system. However, recently many of the more liberal educational institutions have experimented with other grading systems. These range from 3 level grading, instead of the usual 5, to merely sending out a progress report. In the last year even some of the more conservative schools, including technical institutes, have adopted the more liberal and educationally type of grading.

The history of grading policy at Harper is a Harper is very simple one. Harper has always used the standard 5 level grading system and also Harper is a very simple one. Harper has always used the standard 5 level grading system and also has had a fairlystrict selective retention program. If a student had a bad first semester, he could be dismissed from school without even having one semester on probation. This has been changed, (or is being changed) to a certain extent.

In the last six months there has been a continuous effort to get the grading policy of Harper revised to a more educational type of system. This effort has been contributed to by faculty, administration, and for the most part, students. The present attempt at revision has followed a steady course. It started as a student complaint, advanced to a talk with administrators, continued into student research, then blossomed into student petitioning, letter writing to other colleges, and joint stufac-admin hearings, and finally settled and is ready for the Board of Trustees to act upon. It is rather watered-down from the A-B-C no-credit stage; however, it bears the most necessary of changes. Hopefully by student standards it will carry the

following provisions: A student may retake a "D" or an "F" course of which the higher grade received for the course will be used on the transcript and figured into the G.P.A. Also, the date of withdrawal from courses will be extended until one week prior to the completion of the semester. It is felt that these revisions are only a foot in the door to a complete overhauling of evluative methods.

The first thing to be considered is the purpose of grading systems. The ideal purpose of a grading system is to measure the amount of knowledge gained by an individual. However, in practice, grades have become a measure of how well one did as compared to his classmates, one's class attendance, one's popularity with the teacher, and, only to a small degree, one's acquired knowledge. The gap between the ideal and the actual has led to much investigation of the traditional grading system. The general faults of the traditional are that it is numitive; that it is not educational; and that it is psychologically bad. An investigation into these faults will yield the motivations for the new and different grading systems.

It should be quite obvious to anyone who takes the time to examine the traditional type of grading system, under which most students have been silently suffering for up to 16 years without question, that it is of a quite punitive nature. On the grounds that getting an education is beneficial, there is no reason why anyone who is trying to better himself should be punished. The system as it stands will punish a student who has tried, but not quite achieved the level of his classmates, withpit regard to what advances he may personally have made. It will say to him, "I care not what gains you have made in personal knowledge. You have not brought youself up to the level of you classmates, therefore you must be punished for

your inadequacies." Can a person be truly educated in this atmosphere of punishment?

This punitive nature of the traditional grading system gives a student what psychologists call "negative feedback." When a student has trouble in a class, the wasted time, money, and effort are combined with a failing grade that remains with him, possibly producing a reluctance to attempt school again. If he does decide to take more classes, the negative feedback will influence his attitude and learning ability. Even the student who has never experienced the trauma of failing a course has the constant guillotine of grades hanging over his head. This pressure could prevent him from delving into any area which truly interests him, where he might possibly learn more in the course than the objectives which would hurt his grades.

As a result of the constant pressure placed on the student, you see many students whose personalities are adversely affected, and who suffer the many side effects of school such as "abscence of job" or loss of friends. This negative feedback is the opposite of the desired result of education. In the ideal system, effort and the acquisition of knowledge are awarded positive feedback. A system with positive feedback will encourage students to branch out and try new subjects, and will promote a good attitude towards education.

The third major fault of the traditional grading system (as mentioned earlier) is that it does not foster true educational goals. Instead, it rewards cramming and good attendance—neither of which necessarily aid in acquiring knowledge. The permanence of a poor grade is contrary to true educational goals. After all, a course is supposed to offer the student the opportunity to acquire new knowledge. If a student fulfills this goal, only the fact should be recorded—not that he lailed to reach the goal previously.

Because of these and other faults, many of the schools in the country have been changing their grading policy.

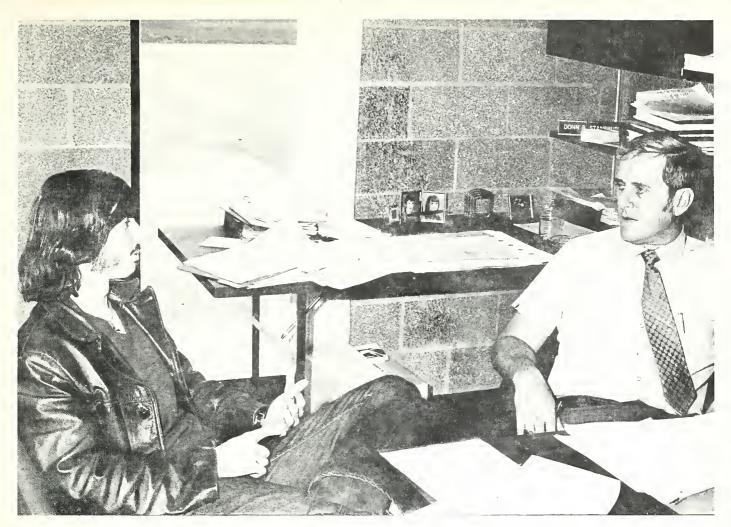
Some of the changes that have been made are to a total pass-fail system, to a pass-fail system for electives, to an A-B-C no-credit system. Some of the schools experimenting with these systems are M.I.T., Malcolm X Junior College, Oakton Community College, and the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana.

Four years ago, the U of I started a limited pass-fail course a semester, and it could not be in their major or minor field or a required course (such as English 101 or English 102). They have

since changed the system so that there is no limit on the number of pass-fail courses that can be taken per semester, and pass-fail may not be used for required courses or courses in your major field. This system makes the grade point average directly reflect a student's work in his field. Under this system, students are encouraged to broaden their knowledge by taking courses from outside their field without the fear of doing poorly and having it affect their grade point average. This system has been successful at U of I as evidenced by the increased number of classes that students are allowed to take under it. This system allows the student the choice of grading policy that he wants for many of his courses and still furnishes and evaluation of his progress.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology was another school which adopted Pass-Fail. M.I.T., however, adopted the policy without limitations. Due to the fact that M.I.T. is attended by the academically superior, the experiment did not succeed. These "genius" students need continual reinforcement of their high desire to complete and to achieve superiority, and this is not given under the passfail system. This system cannot be adopted by schools catering to the genius and genius-fringe. It is primarily aimed at schools who embody the average and below average students, who do comprise over half the students in the world. The need for competition and success in scholastics is not as important to these students; they have been conditioned through years of schooling to accept the fact of being average, merely by watching their own development. The schools catering to the academically elite cannot truly become educational institutions until any formal type of grading is abandoned by all. This change will not occur unless the importance of grades is justifiably decreased by employers, and a type of recommendation grading is established.

Another grading system that is new and has many possibilities is the A-B-C no-credit system that is used by Oakton Community College and Malcolm X Junior College. The A-B-C no-credit system is designed specifically to eliminate the punishment of the student twice for poor work in a class. If he does poorly, he is penalized by the wasted of his time and money, but not again on his transcript or grade point average. Through a telephone inquiry it was learned that Malcolm X is functioning quite well under its A-B-C no-credit system. Oakton was not willing to say how they were functioning under the system because they



Donn B. Stansbury, Registrar

I wish to commend the student body for their interest in Harper's grading system and to compliment them for approaching desired changes through the appropriate channels.

I would support the recommendation of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars to have all course work attempted reflected on the students permanent record. The recommendation does not state that all grades earned must be included in the cumlative grade point average. If Harper approves a repeat policy only one of the computing the cumulative grade point average.

I support the new policy which extended the length of time a student was allowed to drop a course and receive a "W", I am confident that additional changes in the grading structure will be considered when appropriate research reflects the changes would benefit the members of our student body.

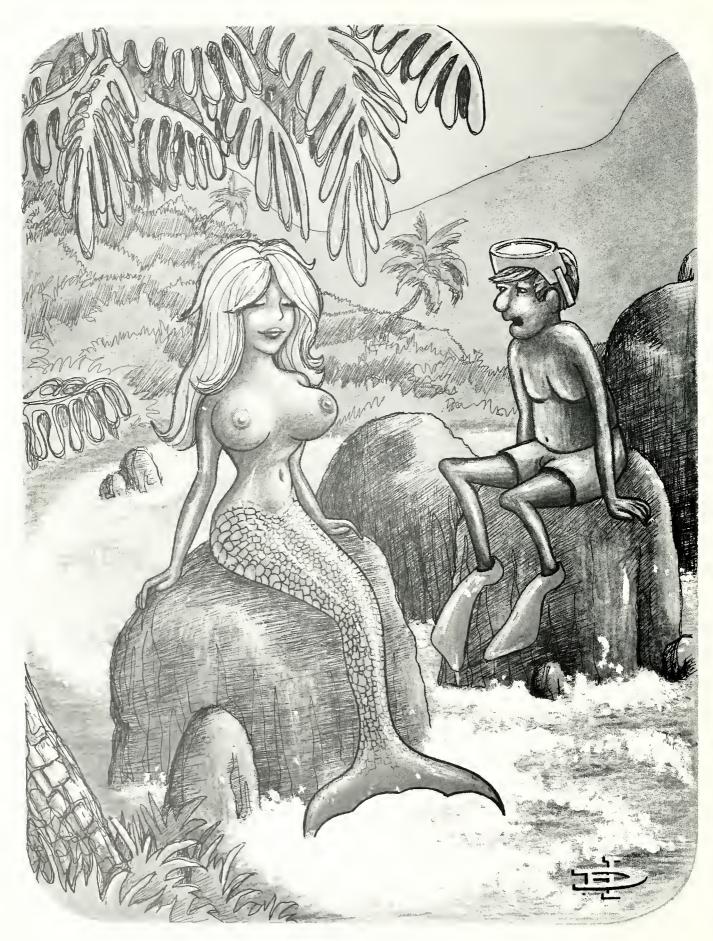
felt they had not used the system long enough for a reasonable determination.

In reply to letter sent out recently to other schools regarding the acceptability of credits from an A-B-C no-credit institution, the following schools, among other replied positively: University of California at Berkeley; Harvard; University of Mischigan; University of Chicago; Northern; University of Illinois (by telephone); and Southern Illinois University. This indicates that Junior Colleges can have more liberal grading systems

than four year schools and their students will not run into problems transferring credits.

It has become increasingly obvious that a true evaluation of one's acquistion of knowledge is impossible on any standardized form. It is important that all educators and administrators think rationally enough to recognize this fact. In a truly educational system a student will be allowed to move at his own pace on his own curriculla in an area which he has chosen to delve into, not one into which some harried counselor has thrown him.

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YEH, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, BUT ONE OF YOUR FOLKS SURE HAD A WEIRD SCENE.

These Men

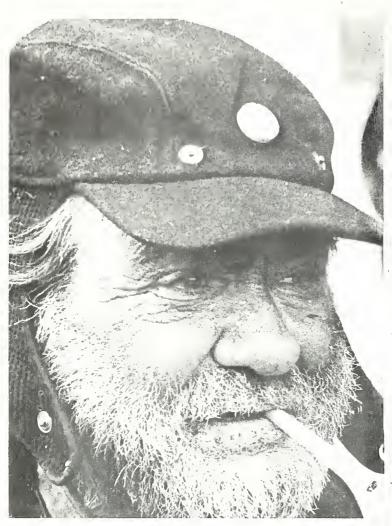
"You had such a vision of the street As the street hardly understands."

T. S. Eliot, "Prehides"

By: Dale Destree Rich Robey



They did not spring
Full man-sized and amoured
In indifference from the earth,
This place of the skull.



Shall we impose waking visions Upon him, or say: We make him become what we behold, Our fear yet desire for visions?

What sucking memory
Of what pain and beauty
Nourished by smoke?
Reveals within me
My own vulgarity.





Soft feathers against coarse fabric The interior warmth endures less Than the pocketed flight of a bird.



I inherit this hand.
I inherit the meaning of this faceless hand.
The need, not the thirst, of what can never be
Because it never was. But though I share the need,
I lack the courage.



"Kiss of Fire"

By: Harlan Ellison

He drank ice crystals laced with midnight and watched their world burn. A greenperson floated up beside him, and touched his sleeve. There was static electricity in the compartment; a tiny spark. "Mister Redditch, when you have a moment, the Designer would like to disturb air with you."

Redditch looked down. The greenperson's eye was watering. "Tell him I'll be along." The greenperson's flaccid skin went to an ivory-gray hue, capturing the disquiet and weariness in Redditch's voice. He floated away, adjusting his hue exactly, so the message could be transmitted without the slightest semantic misinterpretation.

Redditch turned back to the teleidoscope, the tanger, the sensu, the catcheye and the straight black tunnel that showed him their world burning. The solar prominences had died away to self-satisfied blandness; unctuous. There was little out there now but smoldering ash, but the sensu was still getting a reading high into the nines and the teleidoscope was turning it, turning it, combining spectrum. He raised the drink to his lips, but he could not taste it. The tanger overrode, even in the control compartment. It was the smack of saltrising bread and salamanders.

A rolling checker came out of its bay and made its way through the coils of readout sheets littering the deck. Redditch had designed and combined and set up the nova with great care, and the sheets had endlessly tongued out of the aesthetikon and he had let them lie. The checker got through the tangle and palmed open the hookup compartment and re-attached the feed to stateroom 611. But it hardly mattered: the clients in 611 had played gin rummy straight through the program. The checker returned to its bay.

Redditch downed the last of his drink, ran his tongue around the rim of the hollow crystal, and set it down on the console. He sighted and rubbed his weary, itching eyes. He was tired from the inside out to the very tips of his fingers. And now,

When he emerged from the dropshaft and walked through the theater lounge, a blustery purple — class voyager and a fat duchess with sausage fingers and noisy rings greeted him, congratulated him on the performance, offered him social congress. The man was probably a salesman of myth-sticks, and the woman was clearly a remittance relative. He smiled and thanked them and hurried on through the theater. A clique still plugged into their tunnel applauded him, and he acknowledged their appreciation with a vague gesture of his sensor hand. It

sparkled with reflected light from the overhead inkys.

He saw her sitting alone, and when she looked up at him as he approached, the singular beauty contained in her face, particularly her slanted eyes, made him slow his pace. Her right arm was lying along the rest, and she bet it at the elbow, raising the slim-fingered hand. It was enough to stop him.

"You programmed the death?" she said, with no rising inflection. He nodded, smiling in anticipation of her congratulations. She looked away.

He felt as though something had been stolen from him.

The Designer was lying out in a leaf chair that moved idly in its free-fall nimbus. Everyeye in his forehead row was closed, but Redditch could tell he was perceiving his surroundings by the fibrilation of root threads that spiked his cheek-pouches. Crystals of ergonovine sparkled amid the threads. The Designer's backers were seated around the observatory suite.

"Come in," the Designer said. The leaf chair-moved.

"I'm in." He slumped into a composeat and punched out tranquilizers and an antacid. He wanted to stay calm through it all. Outside the observatory cycle ports the nova phased through from yellow ochre to gold as he watched. "Something on your mind, Keltin?"

The Designer opened three yes eyes.

"Where must your mind be?" He said it with carefully chilled contempt. A greenperson hovered just beyound the nimbus, unnecessarily translating the tone in colors.

Redditch yawned. "Madison Square Garden, a 1932 Paramount Pictures release starring Jack Oakie, Marian Nixon, Zasu Pitts, William Boyd and Lew Cody. 'A romantic, dramatic story of three men and two girls fighting desperately to rout the mechanism of unseen forces.' Running thime, mechanism of unseen forces. Running time, seventy-six minutes.

One of the backers threw his his drink at the bulkhead. He started to shout something, but a checker emerged from its bay and caught the crystal before it hit, sucking up everydrop of fluid before it could stain the grass. The backer turned away in frustration.

The designer opened a no eye. "There are clauses in your contract, Redditch."

Redditch nodded. "But you won't use them." He only wished Keltin would relieve him. Far chance. Another of the backers, a florid man with a thrilled and dyed topknot, hunched forward. "You can't possibly call that death viable? Sparks, man, there were actually paying guests sleeping through it. I saw a monitor estimate that had thirty-two per cent, that's thirty-two per cent of the audience into the sevens with boredom! How the hell do you expect up to drain off enough empathy to syndicate this . . . this abort you call a death?"

Redditch sighed. "Stop inviting your relatives to the premieres and perhaps we'll get a few guests onboard who can still feel something."

"I don't have to take this!" the backer shouted. "That's true," Redditch said. The tranquilizers were holding.

"That's true," said the Designer, meaning something else entirely." Let me handle this, Mr. Nym. If you please."

"Stars!" Mr. Nym said. He turned away. Now there were two looking out the cycle ports.

"Redditch, this isn't the first inadequate job you've programed. The Faraway Forever program. The Fightful Loss program. Others."

"Maybe I'm bored."

"We're all bored, dammit,

"We're all bored, dammit," said a third backer. He had his hands clasped in his lap.

"I spend considerable time designing these deaths," the Designer continued," and I cannot permit my work to be underdone this way. These gentlemen have very legitimate complanits. Their audiences are waiting for the syndication of what we mount out here; their business is providing their audiences with top-grade empathy material. When it goes to you from my workshop, it's right. When it's actualized it lacks verve, pace, timing. There are clauses in our contract. I won't tell you, again."

Redditch rose, "Don't, Refer it to my Guild." He turned and left,

Behind him, all three backers were staring out the cycle ports as the nova phased to deep purple. His sould was quiet.

He strode through the theater lounge quickly, no glance left, no glance right. If he was going to sedate and blot, he would do it along.

She wasn't in her seat. The formfit still held the shape of her body. Glance right.

He floated laxily in the nimbus, his spine like water, his thoughts relaxed. He was talking to the memory box that contained his wife, dead these last sixty-three years — since his most recent anitagapic rejuvenation.

"It's the end of summer, Annie."

"How did the children take it, Rai?"

They had had no children. It was an old memory box, the synthesizing channels were worn; the responses were frequently imprecise or non sequiter. The bead in which her voice had been cored, had become microscopically crusted; Annie now spoke with a slur and somethimes-drawl.

"I look about thirty now. They even fixed the prostate. I'm taller, and they lengthened the fingers on my sensor hand. I'm much faster at the console now, wider reach. But the work isn't any better."

"why don't you speak to the designer about it, darling?"

"That sententious lemming. I may be undertalented, at least I don't try to sustain a miserable existence by deluding myself I'm creating great works of art."

He turned onto his stomach, staring out the port. It was dark out there. "And while we float here talking, outside this great space-going vessel cut in the shape of a moonstone, the universe whirls past at millions of light-years an hour, doo-wah-diddy mop-mop."

"Isn't that parsecs, dear?"

"How should I know. I'm a sensu programmer, not an astrophysicist."

"Is it chilly in here, Rai?"

"Oh, Annie, forget it. Say somthing I haven't heard. I'm dying, Annie dying of ennui and the stupids. I don't want, I don't need, I haven't anything. don't care!"

"What do you want me to say, dear? I miss you I'm sorry you're lonely — "

"It's not even that I'm lonely, Annie, you went through three rejuvenations with me. You were the lucky one."

"Lucky? Lucky that I died during the fourth? How do you get lucky out of that, Rai¾"

"Because I've had to live sixty-three more years, and in another ten or fifteen I'm scheduled for a fifth, long-dead baby wife of mine, and I tell you three times — one two three — it's the end of summer, love. Gone. Done. All the birds has flowed south for the final flutter. I'm going to give it a pass when rejuve comes around. I'm going to settle into dust. Summer ends, goodbye, Mother of God, is this how Rico dies?"

"What sensu is that from, Rai?"

"Not sensu, Annie. Movie. Movie film. All singing, all-dancing, all-talking. I've told you a million times, by direct count. Movie. 'Little Ceasar,' Edward G. Robinson, Warner Bros. oh to

hell with it, there was a woman in the lounge tonight, Annie . . . "

"That's nice, sweetheart . . . was she attractive?"

"God help me, Annie, I wanted her! Do you know what that means to me? To want a woman again? I don't know what it was about her . . . I think she hated me . . . I could feel it, some thing deep and ugly when she stopped me . . ."

"That's nice, sweetheart . . . was she attractive?"

"She was bloody gorgeous, you ghost of Christmas Past. She was so unbelievably unreal I wanted to craw inside here and live there. Annie . . . Annie . . . I'm going crazy with it all, with what I do, with the novae, with programming death for indolent swine who need their cheep death thrills to make it through the day just to make it through a day . . . God, Annie, speak to me, come out of that awful square coffin and save me, Annie! I want night, my baby, I want night and sleep and end to summer . . . "

The suite door hummed and a holograph of the one seeking entrance appeared in the tank. It was the woman from the threater lounge.

"That's nice, sweetheart . . . was she attractive?"

He swam out of the nimbus and whistled the door open. She came in and smiled at him.

"You were always like that when I was alive, Rai; you simply never talked to me; you never listened..."

He lurched sidewise and palmed the memory box to stillness.

"Yes?" She stared at him with curiosity and he said it again, "Yes?"

"A little conversation, Mr. Radditch."

"I was just talking about you."

"To you little back box?"

"To what's left of my wife."

"I did't mean to be fippant. It's very personal and dear to many people, I know."

"Not to me. Annie's gone. I'm still here . . . and it's getting to be the end of summer."

He motioned to the nimbus, and she walked to it with here eyes still on his face. "You're a very attractive human," she said, removing her clothes and sliding into the free-fall glow.

"Can I get you something? A crystal? Something to eat?"

"Perhaps some water."

He whistled up the dispenser. It rose from the grassruggled deck, and revolved. "Fresh water, three

sparkles of seed in it," he said. The checker in the dispenser mixed up the drink and set it out for him to remove.

He carried it to her and she took it, giving him a faint look of amusement. "I seem to entertain you."

She drank from the crystal, barely moving her lips. "You do."

"You aren't from the Near Colony."

"I'm not a Terrestrial."

"I didn't want to say that; I throught it might offend."

"We needn't circle each other, Mr. Redditch. Clearly, I sought you out, I want something from you, we can be straightline with one another."

"Apart from sex, what do you want from me?" "My, you're taking the initiative."

"If you don't care for me, you can move out now. I'm frankly not up to badinage," He turned sharply and went back to the dispenser. "It's the end of summer," he said, softly.

She sipped at the cool water in the crystal. He turned back to here, a melt in its helical container warm against his hand, and caught her unguarded expression: there was so much amusement in her face, in every line of her languid body, he felt like an adolescent again. "Oh, Mr. Redditch!" Her chiling was as deep and meaningful as that of a mommy's suitor, feigning concern for the offspring of the ex-husband. He turned back a second time, felling violence in him for the first time in years; furious at her for playing him like a puppet; furious at himself for being furious.

"That's all . . . get out."

"The end of summer, Mr. Redditch? She made no move to go. "What do you mean by the end of summer?"

"I said out. I mean out."

"You'r going to ignore the rejuvenation next time? You must want something on the other side verybadly."

"Who the hell are you? What do you want from me? It's been a bad day, a bad week, a rotten year and a stinking cycle, so why don't you just put an egg in your shoe and beat it."

"My name is Jeen."

He shook his head, totally bewildered. "What?"

"If we're going to touch, you should at least know my name," she said, and held out the crystal for him to take it away. But when he reached out, she laid her other hand on his wrist and drew him into the numbus. It had been a very long time since he had wanted a woman this way, but his body betrayed him the moment her lips touched his naked chest. He lay back and closed his eyes and she made it all silk.

"Talk to me," she said

The things he said were not love matters.

He spoke of what it was to live as something like a man for over two hundred years, and to grow weary of it because its infinite variety did grow stale. He spoke of what he did to send emotion and dreams of conflict to a race that ruled whole galaxies, entire nations of plantet, great sectors of space. He was a programmer of death. A practitioner of one of the last occupations left to humans. And he spoke of ennui, of jaded appetites, of nights and days aboard a moonstone vessel as large as a city. Roaming through emptiness till worlds were pinpointed. And then they were surveyed with sophisticated equipment that told them the epoples who had lived there were gone, but their racial memories were still preserved in the stones and solid and silted river bottoms of the planet. Like ghosts of alien dreams, the rememberances of all times past were still there, contained forever, immolated in the soulskins of worlds, like haunted houses that had soaked up the terrible events that had transpired within and retained them as ambience. He spoke of Designers and their special talents — those peculiar alien empaths and how they designed the demise of whole solar systems,

How the endless sleeping memories of the people who had lived there were gathered up as the sun went nova; how they streamed into the sensu and the tanger and the other empathy machines, to be codified and stored and then taken back to the human worlds, to the New Colony, to sustain the weary existences of those who had no fresh dreams of their own.

And he closed with words about how he hated it.

"But the worlds are empty, aren't they?" she asked, and then put here face once more to his tensing flesh.

He could not speak. Not then,

But later he said, yes, they were empty.

Always empty, she asked.

Yes, always empty.

You'r very humane race.

I don't think there's anything left of humanity to us. We do It because it's for a greater good. And he laughted at the words, greated good. His fingers roamed over her body. He grew excited once more. It had been so long ago. "On my world," she said, "we live much warmer than you. In times past, my race had the power of flight. We have a heritage of sky. Closed in like this makes me uneasy." He held her in the circle of his arms, his thigh between her long legs, and he drew his fingers down through her thick, deep blue hair.

"I know words and songs from four hundred years of myself and my race," he said," and I wish to God I could think of something more potent to use, but 'I love you' and 'Tank you' are the only ones that come to mind . . . those, and 'The Earth mover,' but I'd better not use it, or I'll start to laught."

He slid his hand down to her stomach. She had no navel. Very small breasts. Extra ribs. She was very beautiful.

"I'm happy."

"When we care, we have a way of making it last much longer. Would you?"

He nodded and her head lay at his shoulder and she felt him move. She sat up, kneeling before him in the nimbus. Her earring was hollow, and from it she took a tiny jewel that pulsed with pale light. She crushed it under his nose and leaned forward so she could in hale the pale light mist that sprany up from the dead jewel. Then she lay down again, precisely fitting into the waiting space.

And in a moment they began again . . .

... as she took him with her to her world.

A warm world, all sky, with a single sun that held the same pale light as the jewel she had used to drug him. They flew, and he saw her people as they had been ten thousand years before. Lovely with wings, bright with the expectation of a thousand years of life.

Then she let him see how they died. In the night.

They fell from the sky like tracers of light, brilliant, burning. Onto the great dust desserts already filled with the ashes of their ancestors.

Her vocie was warm and soft in his mind. "My people live with the sky for a thousand years; when their time comes, they go to rest with all those who came before them.

"The deserts of dust are the resting places of my race, generation upon generation, returned to their primal dust . . . waiting for the ten thousand years to pass until they are reborn."

The world of sky and dust swam in his mind and as though it were captured in the catcheye it faded back and back; he was looking down on the world of the phoenix creatures from deep space, and he knew why she had drugged him, why she had taken him into her mind's memory, why she had come to him.

The death he had programmed had been the death of her sun, her world. Her people.

They came back to the numbus within the suite in the moonstone vessel. He could not move, but she turned him so he could stare out through the cycle port at the emptiness where her world had been. Only dust remained. And she let him hear one last trailing scream from that world, at the moment of its death; the wail of her race that would never again soar through their skies.

"Can you hear me? Can you speak? I want you to know why."

His mouth was thick and his speech was clumsy, but he heard her and he could speak and he said he understood. She bent to him and took his face in her hands. "I was sent away. I was . . . " Her hesitation was filler with pain and loneliness, " . . . imperfect." She turned away for a moment, then turned back, stronger. "There are a few like us in every generation. But no more. The people are gone."

"It was a mistake," He said. She could not tell what he had said through the drug, and he repeated it. She looked at him and nodded gently; but was stronger.

"You said there was very little left of humanity in your race. That is the truest thing you could have said. What I do is what will be done to all of you. Your time is past. You had your chance and turned it against every other race you ever met. And now that your time is done, you think you'll take everyone with you."

He could not regret dying, as he knew he would die. She was right. The time for men had come and gone, and what they did now was useless, but more than useless . . . it was senseless.

Unlike her people, men did not have the good grace to go off alone and die. They tried, in their deranged way, to drag the universe into the grave with them. Not just the leaching off of preserved memories for the momentary amusement of the jaded and corrupt, but everything men did, now that they owned the universe. It was better than the human race be aided in its slovenly demise than to be allowed to leave nothing but ashes when it vanished at last.

He had killed her race, lying sleeping, waiting to be reborn in flames. So he could not hate her. Nor did she need to know that she brough him the dearest gift he had ever received. It was the end of summer and he was content knowing he would not have to wait for the chill of winter to fall over his race.

"I'm happy." he said.

She may have known what he meant. He though she knew: her eyes were moist as she bent to him for the final time, and kissed him.

There were flames and heat as great as a nova and then there was nothing but ash that floated freely in the numbus.

When they came to the suite of the sensu programmer, none of them knew they were looking at the last days of men. Only Keltin, the Designer, seemed to understand, in some deep racial way, and he said nothing.

But he smiled in expectation as the moonstone ship sailed away into the enternal night.



America's Favorite Cigarette Break

Benson & Hedges 100's.



Company of the Compan

UNDERSEAS
By Louis Ginsberg

The fog at night transfigures the city streets

To underwaters of a tropic sea.

Gas-stations – exotic flowers of neon lights –

Hatch on corners luminous mystery

A trailer-truck heaves like a bulky whale, Where corner drug-store, like the broken hold Of shipwrecked, suneen galleon, is spilling out Rubies, emerals and shimmering gold.

Where sudden commotion scaters fish, a dragon —
A hook-and-ladder fire-engine — creeps
And fights its way through crowded Main Street traffic
To roil up legends from the murky deeps.

While currents knead the countless centuries, Fantastic creatures in this watery space – Are they primordial memories swimming up From subliminal subconscious of the race?

MIST AT NIGHT

By Louis Ginsberg

The muslin mist
Floats like gauze
To annul
The usual laws.

Traffic-lights, sign-lights Rent, in the haze, Surprises, half-hidden To the gaze.

Streets and alleys, Towers and hotels Are cobwebbed with Secrets and spells.

Neoned gas-stations
On corners there Exhale legends
To dye the air.

Supermarkets
Quickly unfold
Ali Baba caves
Where passers behold
Luminous treasures,
Aching with gold.

HINTS FROM THE SUNSET

By Louis Ginsberg

What message is the sunset trying to utter?
In hints of an unearthly light,
The syllables of colors discourse on what
Immortal realms beyond all mortal sight?

Does haunting beauty of the sunset speak Of longing, like homesickness of the soul, For land of lost delight whose intimation are shed here from some far, mysterious goal?

It must be memory of lost heritage Of some invisible and changeless clime, As here, for a moment, in a luminous aura, Timelessness is parleying with Time.

Soon spell of the sunset rhetoric slowly fades And with nostalgia, sighs into the dark: It enigmatic hints abandon me Incarcerated in a question-mark.

MAN IN AUTO

By Louis Ginsberg

High-octane of delight
Often makes him feel
Expansion of his might
To gloat behind the wheel.

Only one thing mars
His stepping on the gas
For outwitting cars —
Himself he cannot pass.

With gadgets at his call, He has learned an art Of evading all, Except his empty heart

Driven by a need, Yet he does not guess Briefly will his speed Drug his loneliness.

Using power-steering,
He will quickly come
Mechanically veering
Around his vacuum,

Ethics

Ethics is named in honor of the man who invented it, Ethos of Athens, a fifth century B.C. building inspector. He worked his way up through the party from ward heeler to committeeman. He caught the eye of the party leadership who wanted his job for one of their relatives. But Ethos represented too many votes to just drop him down the chute, so he was asked if there was some other job he would rather have.

"I would like to be a building inspector," he replied without hesitation.

"But that's more of a demotion than a promotion," he was told.

"There is a bit of money to be made in the building inspecting business," he said. The party bosses smiled and eyed each other, knowingly. "Besides, I'm well-gualified for the post. After all, my second cousin was in the construction business, once."

That settled it. His qualification being unimpeachable, Ethos got the job. And he took to the work like money in a bank, so to speak. He went about just inspecting to his heart's content, and everybody eles's, too.

His very first assignment was an additional reward, of sorts, for having stepped aside for the party leader's relative. He was given the total responsibility of inspecting the construction of the Parthenon which had just gotten under way. One day, he went out to the Acropolis to inspect the foundation of the new edifice and was not surprised to find an obvious violation. After all, his second cousin hadn't been in the construction business for nothing.

He called the chief engineer over and pointed out the error. "The specifications clearly called for a granite foundation," Ethos said.

"Well . . . uh . . . marble is so much easier to quarry," the engineer mumbled.

"But marble won't last for five thousand years as specified," Ethos protested.

"Well . . . no . . . but, being easier to quarry, the use of marble will result in a substantial cost savings," the engineer explained proudly.

"Of course, this savings will be passed along to the tax payers," Ethos said.

"Why, of course. I mean . . . well . . . I suppose . . ." The engineer stammered. "Look here. Why don't I just give you this sack of money so you'll forget about marble foundation?" He jingled a small, leather sack of coins before Ethos' startled eyes and in full view the construction crew.

"Why, that's bribery," Ethos exclained.

"Of course it is," the engineer agreed. "That's how things are done these days. Now, just take the money and run along."

Ethos studied the construction workers and their curious glances. Then he said, sternly. "I want to speak to you in private." He escorted the engineer behind a stack of stone blocks where Ethos confronted him with a withering stare. "How dare you offer me a bribe in full view of those men?"

"Well, why not?" replied the engineer. "Everybody does it that way. And they don't make any secret about it, either."

"Well, I'm different," Ethos snapped. "I've got my pride. The very idea, accepting

bribes in front of an audience. I've got my standing in the community to consider."

"You have absolutely no finesse, at all," Ethos said. "Now, Toss that sack of money into the excavation." Puzzled, the engineer did as he was directed. Then, in a loud voice, Ethos announced, "Very well."

Ethos went down into the excavation and made a great deal of fuss in his inspection. He went all around the foundation, taking the minutest detail under his scrutiny. When he came to the place where the sack of money rested, he stooped down to study the fit of two blocks of marble and, in the same motion, he scooped up the sack was gone.

The inspection continued for a few more minutes; then Ethos emerged from the excavation and, patting the engineer on the shoulder, he said, "You've done an excellent job fitting those marble blocks together I dare say, this foundation might well last longer than five thousand years. Too bad you didn't go down deep enough to rest it on bedrock."

"What do you mean we didn't hit bedrock?" the engineer demanded. "Dig down two feet anywhere in Greece and you hit bedrock."

"I guess I know bedrock when I see it," Ethos hautily replied. "And I didn't see any bedrock down there. But I'll be back in two weeks. And I'll bet you find bedrock by then." He patted his tunic to make the coins jingle.

Two weeks later, Ethos arrived at the construction site right on schedule. The chief engineer greeted him cordially and led him to the excavation where he said, I'm sure you'll find that we've struck bedrock. And in only two short weeks. That must be a record."

"We shall see," Ethos replied as he made his way down into the excavation. He went all around the foundation, as before, inspecting as he went. And, sure enough, half way around he found "bedrock" waiting for him in a leather sack. In one slick motion he scooped it up and replaced it with the empty sack from the time before. He was the first grafter in history to return the empty sack.

When Ethos came up from the excavation this time, a small crowd had gathered. "What are all these people doing here?" he asked the chief engineer. "Surely, they're not all construction workers."

"No," the engineer replied. "They're administrative officials who've come to see how you operate. Word got around about your unusual methods and even I don't know how you operate. By the way, did you find the . . . uh . . . bedrock?"

"Yes, of course. Right where you said it would be," Ethos answered. "Keep up the work."

Ethos passed through the crowd on his way from the site and he couldn't help overhearing the mumblings of the people.

"Did you see him take his bribe?"

"No, I didn't see him."

"Neither did I."

"He's a real expert, that one. We could all take a lesson from him."

"I don't believe he even took a bribe. He's probably as honest as the day."

"An honest inspector?"

"Why, that's the most disgusting thing I ever heard of."

Every time he came to make an inspection, the crowds grew larger, Ethos' fame having spread even farther and faster than that of Paragoric, a renowned Greek philosopher of the period. A barricade had to be constructed to keep the crowds in check and Ethos inspected that at the usual "fee." Needless to say, the barricade passed inspection with no trouble and no one managed to see Ethos pick up his bribe, and the rumor began to circulate that he was honest.

The Parthenon was nine years in the building and, in all that time, no one had ever seen Ethos actually take a bribe, which was positively unheard of. He had never missed a scheduled inspection, yet, he had had cleverly concealed his taking of the little sacks of money. Then, one day, a delegation from party headquarters arrived

at his modest abode and demanded an explanation.

"You're giving the building inspectors' department a bad name," they said. "Everyone expects inspectors to take bribes but you haven't taken a single one."

""But that's not true. I've taken lots of bribes," Ethos insisted.

"Then why hasn't anyone seen you?" they demanded.

"Because I am very cautious," Ethos explained. "Here, let me show you." He dropped a small leather sack of coins on the floor. Then he stooped down and stood up again, almost in the same movement.

"Ah ha!" exclamed one of the delegates. "It's still there."

Ethos nudged the empty sack with his foot to indicate that he had made a switch. But the delegates went away, struck with awe, muttering to themselves, and believing that Ethos had somehow gotten the coins out and left the sack on the floor.

A few days later, orders came from the top that Ethos was to spend some of his bribe money in a conspicuous way so as to restore the people's confidence in their public officials. Ethos lost no time in having a

fine new house built for him and his family Then he rented his old house to three families of wandering gypsies.

Ethos' reward was swift and immediate. He was assigned to inspect the reconstruction of the harbor while another inspector was given the thankless task of inspecting the Parthenon's decoration, a job that would take at least another five years.

At this point, Ethos blends slowly into the background amid the admiration of everyone, including the party faithful and the general populace. The Parthenon's new inspector hurried right over to collect his first payoff. But the chief engineer, thinking he was an inspector of the old school, offered him a sack of money right out there in front of everyone. He indignantly spurned the sack and said, "Certainly not. After all, I have my Ethos, too."

His point was well taken and, from then on, all his bribes were offered in secret. He was followed by a host of public servants who also had their Ethos. And it didn't take ethics, that branch of philosophy that demands that a person be honest enough to take his bribes in such a way so as not to outrage the public dignity.

By: Rich Robey

The Squirrel's Bark

When snow hisses down from the Paradise Mill in a soft tenor

To wet and fold the woods with grace,

the autumn squirrel stops from dodging

To seek an open plain and bark a prayer for heaven sweeter than a nut,

Before returning to a hungry peace

in nested hollows.

When an evening snow hisses down from the Paradise Mill

Through grey clouds

To moist and cool the burning matter of Man,

and the evergreen bows

Like a nodding gentleman against the window

his white rainmant of hair

By: Rich Robey

Forgiving even to the pane,

The time has come

For the yellow-fingered traveler who muses out the pane

from a brass and leather coffined

chair

And sends his thoughts to stalk

In lung clutched reverie Among the brown trees,

To turn and seek an open plain

and there gun down the squirrel's

bark,

That godless presence of death,

Then drop his hunter's gun

And walk in red silence

Across the snowy wilderness

Soul Spider

Web of my body,

Black air between threads,

I fear for you:

Tonight the spider crawls on flesh

Tonight the spider crosses flesh.

Soul spider, shape to the infinity

I reach

You shape is grief

My heart will cease,

Who will rip it from my chest

Who bury it

What fingers dig it up

And plant it in the sky?

My mind treads steel-blue beams

Only in darkness,

Through weaving dreams.

Web of my body,

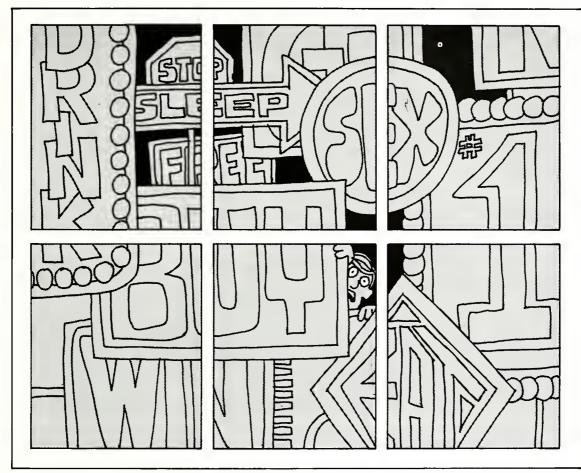
Black air between threads,

I fear for you:

Tonight the spider crawls on flesh

Tonight the spider crosses flesh.

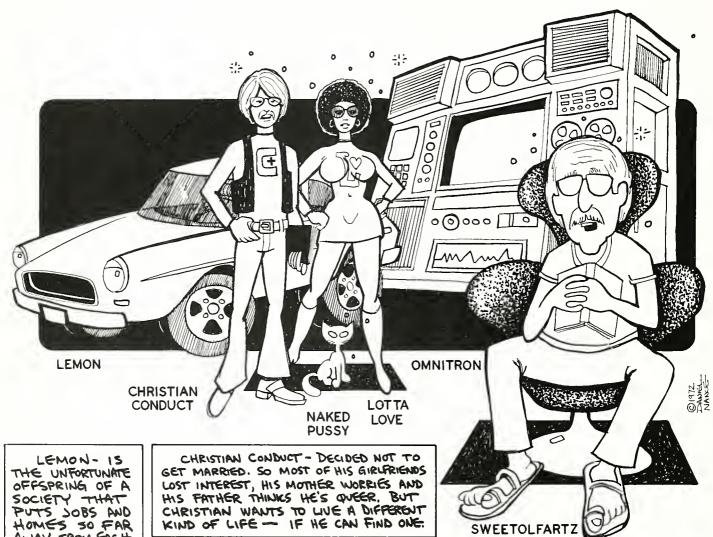
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YOUR MIND IS BLASTED BY OVER 580 PROFESSIONALLY CONTRIVED ADVERTISING MESSAGES EVERY DAY! YOU NOTICE ABOUT 75 AND CAN ONLY REMEMBER 5 OR 6. THESE MESSAGES COMPETE WITH OTHER INFORMATION YOU RECEIVE FROM T.V., NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, MUSIC, SCHOOLWORK, AND CONVERSATIONS. YOU SUFFER FROM CHRONIC SENSORY OVERLOAD AS A RESULT OF ARTISTIC CREATIVITY AND PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERTISE BEING WHORED ON BREAD WRAPPERS, SILK TIES, TURTLES, TATTOOS, TOILET SEATS, ICE CREAT PARLORS, HOT DOG STANDS, COLAS, UNCOLAS, BOOZE, CAR DEALER WINDOWS, BODIES, BRIC-A-BRAC, GREETING CARDS, LUNCH BOXES, AND ON AND ON AND ON...

--- AND HERE IS YET ANOTHER QUALITY PROSTITUTION; A FANTASY WORLD TO ENTICE YOU TO BUY POSTERS, COMIC BOOKS, RECORD ALBUMS, MOVIES, TEXTBOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, AND ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN THINK OF TO MAKE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WITH WHICH WE CAN BUY THE TIME TO DO SOMETHING IMPORTANT.



AWAY FROM EACH OTHER.

IT'S GUILTY ABOUT THE POLLU. TION IT CAUSES, EMBARASSED BY ITS MECHANICAL FAILURES, WORRIED ABOUT ITS SEX AND NERVOUS ABOUT HIS COLOR

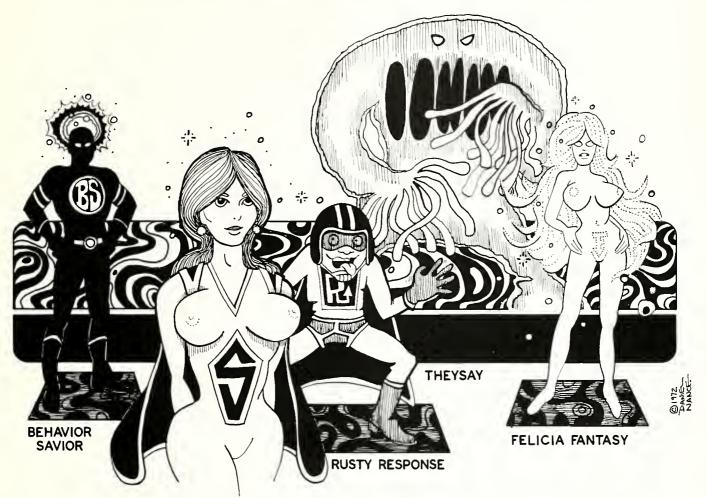
NAKED PUSSY - IS STILL SLIGHTLY DISCONCERTED WHEN INTRODUCED -SHE USED TO SHEAK AROUND ONLY IN THE DARK, BUT NOW SHE KNOWS THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH A LITTLE NAKED PUSSY.

LOTTA LOVE - IF SHE WANTED TO START A BABY FARM SHE COULD GET ALMOST ANYONE TO PLOW HER FIELD. BUT LOTTA WANTS TO LIVE A DIFFERENT KIND OF LIPE - IF SHE CAN FIND ONE:

OMNITRON - CREATED BY SWEETOLFARTZ, WAS ORIGINALLY PLANNED TO BE AN INTELLECTUAL RESOURCE CENTER: BUT NOW OMNITRON SPENDS MOST OF ITS TIME ENTERTAINING ITSELF.

SWEETOLFARTZ - INSISTS ON LIVING NEW IDEAS RATHER THAN QUIETLY WALKING INTO THE SUN-DRENCHED STENCH OF WRINKLED FLESH.

WONDERCHES



SUPER STIMULUS

BEHAVIOR SAVIOR- OMNIPOTENT THOUGHT FORCE WHO TRIES TO AID HUMANS IN TIMES OF CONFLICT AND FRUSTRATION. HE COMMUNICATES TELEPATHICALLY ONLY WITH THOSE FEW CREATURES WHO COMMUNICATE TELEPATHICALLY.

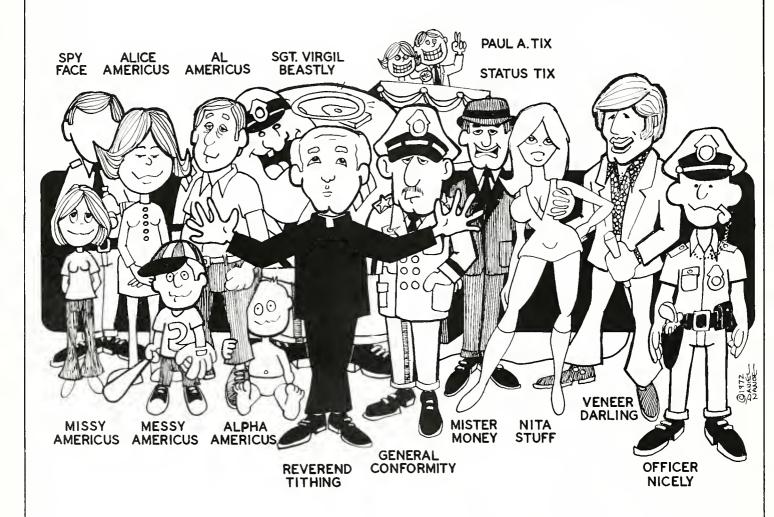
SUPER STIMULUS - SYMBOLIZES THE ULTIMATE FORM OF ENERGY CAPABLE OF EXCITING THE HUMAN NERVOUS SYSTEM.

RUSTY RESPONSE - SYMBOLIZES THE ULTIMATE COMBINATION OF MENTAL AND PHYSICAL BEHAVIOR IN OUR SOCIETY.

THEYSAY - TRANSFORMS CENTURIES OF RUMOR AND SUPERSTITION INTO POWERFUL CLICHES THAT STIFLE AND SUBVERT NEW INFORMATION.

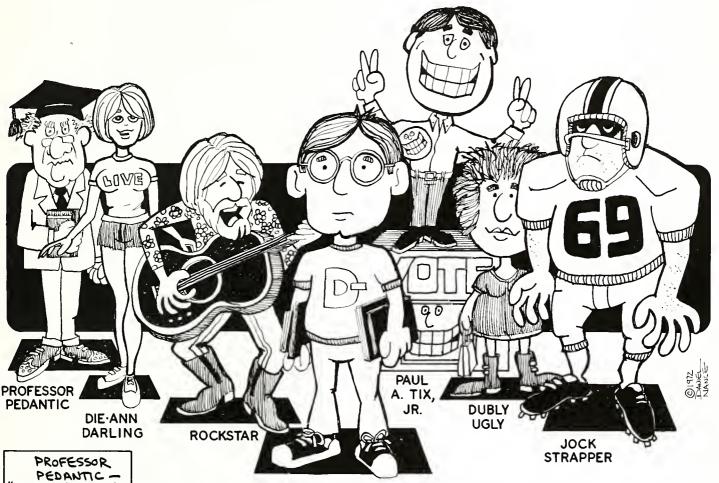
FELICIA FAUTASY - IS AN X-RATED TINKERBELL. A MYSTKAL MISTRESS OF THE MEADVIEW, ARIZONAS OF YOUR MIND.

ONEDDAY IN SUBJECTION



SOMEWHERE BEYOND FREEDUMB STATE IS SUBURBLY. A NEVER-NEVER LAND WHERE HAPLESS AL AND ALICE AMERICUS COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE REALITIES OF THEIR MARRIAGE AND FAMILY, THE FORCED COMPETITION OF THE BUSYNESS, THE ANESTHETIZING PROVERBS OF CHURCHEAVEN, THE MEANINGLESS RAMBLINGS OF THE BUREAUCRAZY AND THE CONFUSED CONTROL OF THE ARMED FARCES.

CHENDAY OF FREEDUNG STORE



PEDANT (PED NT) N. I. A PERSON WHO LAYS UNNECESSARY STRESS ON MINOR OR TRIVIAL POINTS OF LEARNING, DIS-PLAYING A SCHOLAR-SHIP LACKING IN JUDGMENT OR SENSE OF PROPORTION, 2. A NARROW - MINDED TEACHER WHO IN-SISTS ON EXACT AD HERENCE TO A SET OF ARBITRARY RULES 3. (085.), A SCHOOL-MASTER."

STEW DENSE

DIE ANN DARLING - MARRIED A RICHANDFAMOUS ACTOR WHO MADE HER VERY HAPPY UNTIL SHE DISCOVERED SHE ONLY HAD A YEAR TO LIVE, NOW DIE ANN'S JUST BYING TO FIND OUT WHY SHE'S SO FRUSTRATED.

ROCK STAR - RATED LOW ON ALL HIS LANGUAGE SKILLS TESTS, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE HE WASN'T ALLOWED TO PUT THEM TO MUSIC.

STEW DENSE - WHAT CAN WE SAY ABOUT SOMEONE WHO IS STRIVING HIMSELF INTO MEDIOCRITY? WUNNERFUL!

PAUL A. TIX, JR. - WILL BE PART OF THE NEW BREED OF POLITICIANS.

DUBLY UGLY - WHOMPED WITH MOTHER NATURE'S UGLY STICK, SHE IS THE AD MAN'S DREAM - TRYING TO FIND THE RIGHT PRODUCT TO FILL HER DRAB EXISTENCE WITH GLAMOUR, EXCITEMENT AND ROMANCE.

JOCK STRAPPER - WHILE HE WAS A SMALL CHILD, JOCK DISCOVERED HIS UNIQUE TALENT FOR MUTILATING THINGS. SINCE THEN, HIS PARENTS, TEACHERS, GUIDANCE COUNSELORS AND COACHES HAVE GIVEN HIM NOTHING BUT ENCOURAGEMENT.

DAVITES NAVAC

... BLAH-BLAH VERY DISPLEASED BLAH-WITHOUT HARD WORK HOW CAN YOU EX-PECT TO LOOK FORWARD TO SUCCESS?

IF I'M SUCCESSFULL I'LL SUCCESSFULLY MARRY A BIG SUCCESS AND RAISE A BUNCH OF SUCCESSFUL CHILDREN!!





AND I COULD BE A BIG SUCCESS BY USING MY KNOWLEDGE OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY TO CONVINCE YOU MY COMPANY'S PRODUCT WOULD MAKE YOU.

A BIG SUCCESS. BY GIVING YOU CLEAN-ER, WHITER TEETH...



OR A BIG Success BY GNING YOU A MORE SHAPELY FIGURE.

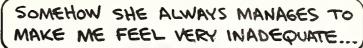


OR A BIG SUCCESS BY GIVING YOU A MORE LUXURIOUS





... AND THIS PRODUCT WAS ALSO GOING TO MAKE YOU MORE MASCULINE & EXCITING!







BUT I'M
GOING TO
BE A BIG
SUCCESS.
NOT JUST
ANOTHER
ONCE-LOVELY
RUNKLED
BODY CRUSHED
CRUSHED
DOWN, NEVER
TO BE THE
SAME AGAIN.
NO, NO...





NOT ME, JUNKMAN!
WHEN MY TIME
COMES I'M GETTING
A CANDY-APPLE PAINT
JOB, SATIN SEATCOKES,
PERFUME-RUMPED TIRES
F A CHAMPAGNE-TILED
CRANKCASE - LAID TO
REST IN AN AIRTIGHT
CHROME CASKET WITH
GREEN GRASS AND
FLOWERS OVERHEAD
AND A MARBLECARVED TROPHY WITH
MY NAME ON IT...

NOW THAT'S SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO!



IGNORANCE 15 BLISS













Fashions

Harper College's fashion design career course is not just another home ec. course. The goal set in these classes is to design garments with a professional look for the fashion design industry. The students are taught professional methods by professional designers and workers in the field. Originality is stressed; thus the designs are frequently unusual and very time-consuming.

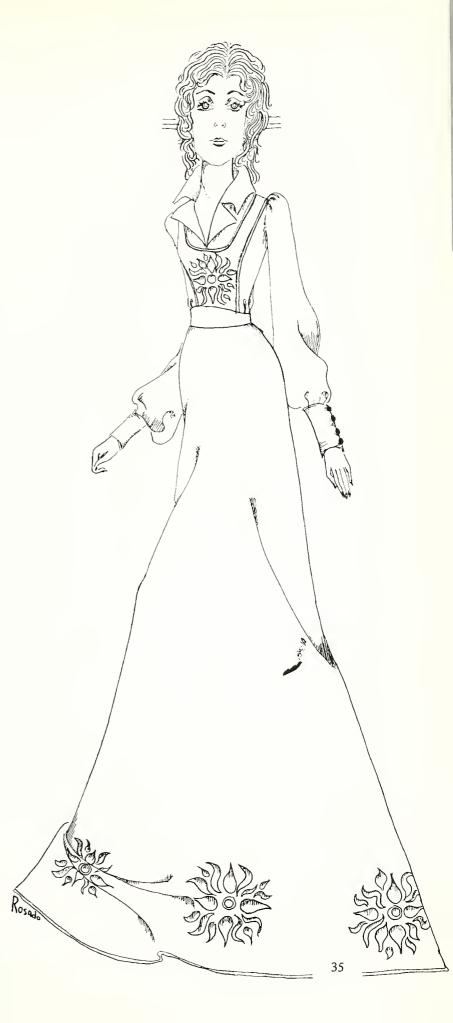
The first phase in Fashion design is to learn to work with basic patterns, hand-drafted from detailed lists of measurements. Students then learn to adapt the patterns to different fabrics, sizes, styles, and figure problems. The goals of any fashion being to flatter the lines of the individual body; specific techniques are learned to highlight some characteristics and to downplay others.

It's exciting and challenging. The students are given free rein so that they'll avoid the ordinary and attempt the extraordinary, which often will involve a difficulty in some phase of production.

People in the tectiles classes design their own fabrics. This involves learning the basic chemical characteristics and fiber contents of fabrics in order to be able to manipulate the fabric for the particular design. One learns what fabric are applicable to particular designs.

Illustration classes take designers who are often untrained as artists and teach them to picture their designs appealingly and completely for presentation to teachers or employers. This is one of the most important skills for the student to acquire, since there must be a transition from an in complete mental image to a detailed model. Students come in drawing stick figures, and finish drawing fashion layouts.

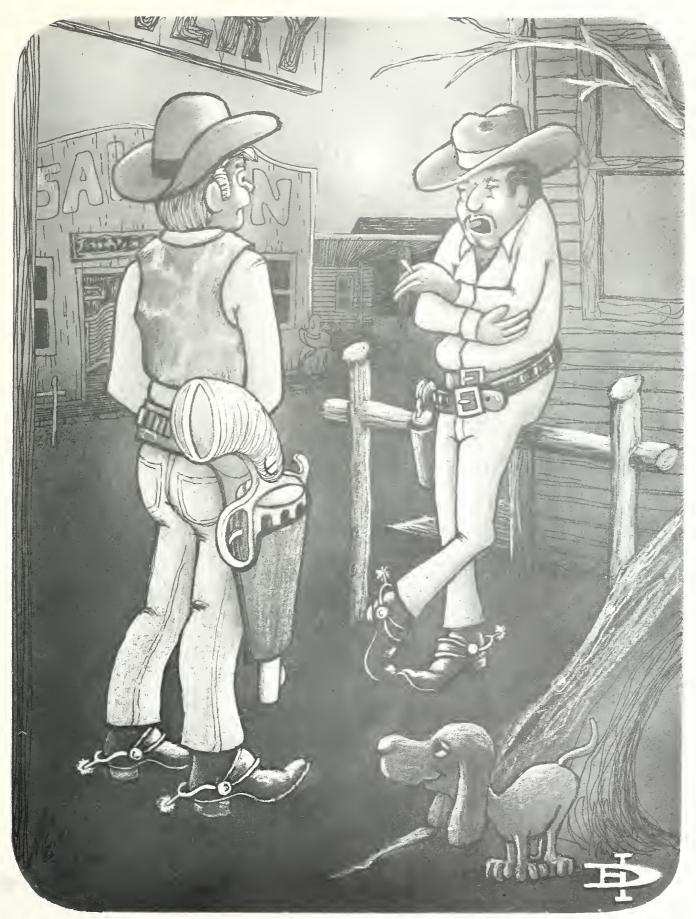
The fashion field isn't an easy one to get into. Many students are already working somewhere in the field long before they leave Harper, trying to gain a foothold in the actual designing industry. But in two years, students have become professionals with valuable, marketable skills.

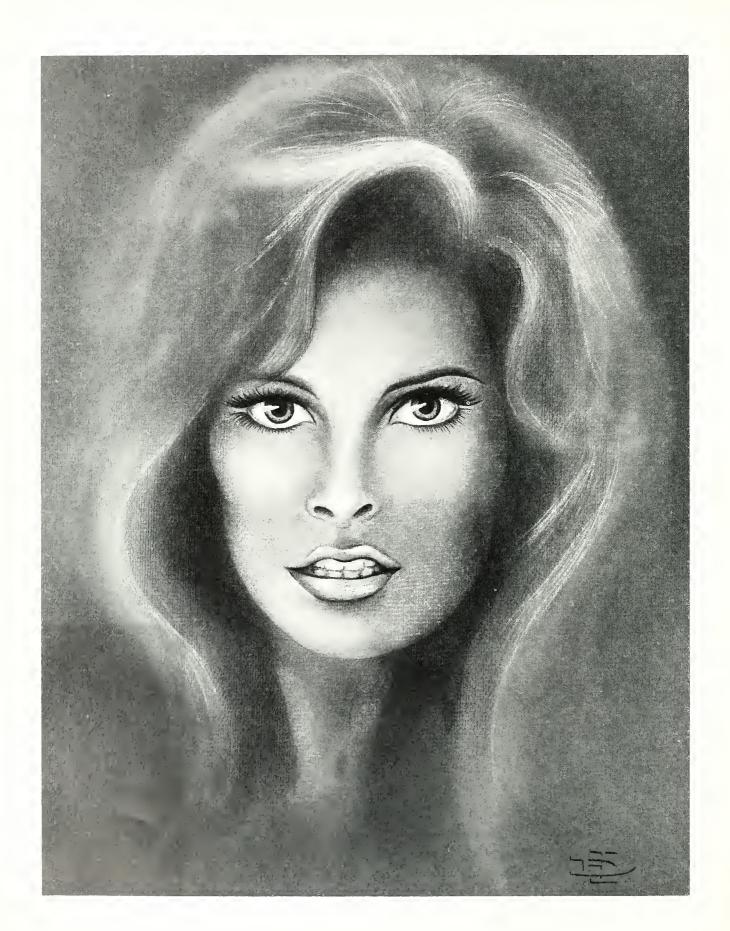












Great Divide

By: Brenda Libman

It's really much more than a matter of who does the dishes, and who lights whose cigarette. The liberation of the sexes holds the promise of devastating change; ranging from altered self-images to a vast redefinition of the family structure. Men and women are being handed a package of fresh roles. Suddenly, woman's future and potential lies in places other than her uterus; man is no longer limited by a strangling sense of machismo. Finally, a hypocritical and treacherous double-standard is being discarded, replaced by a realistic, uncompromising honesty and a new sense of humannood.

How can these changes become instigated? Largely by looking at oneself and investigating some arbitrary conditioning—that concerning the mystiques of marriage, masculinity, and femininity.

Unfortunatly, mariage is all too often viewed as a cure-all for personality defects, a refuge from loneliness, an instantaneous key to lifelong happiness. Burdened by such awesome over-expectations, one out of three marriages ends in divorce. And of the two remaining, only one is considered a happy and functional marriage. Perhaps such poor odds are in part attributable to men's and women's conflicting views of marriage.

Marriage is only an aspect of men's lives. They must also be concerned with the business of earning a living; of actualizing their selves in the variety of spheres open to them.

Marriage, though, serves as the very core of most women's lives. Their status is denoted by that of their husbands. Their lives are lived out through their children. They adjust to an image that halts their growth. Their housework expands to fill the time available — and is glorified as a woman's true profession. The bearing of children is hyped as the "ultimate act of fulfillment." A woman's meaning begins and ends within a tight, nuclear family situation. She is limited by a conditioned sense of acceptance and passivity, and a suffocating lack of options.

It appears obvious that The American Way of marriage and the family is not functioning at an optimal level. A happy family is more often the exception rather than the rule. Perhaps a factor in this disruption between the cultural ideal and real is the limited, centric notion of the "one right way." The American middleclass marriage is dictated to by a lengthy set of sanctions and proscriptions. While providing a predictable framework these narrow provisions limit the amount of growth that may be experienced through exploring other options and new forms. The traditional framework may well be enhanced and expanded; through redefinitions, reevaluations and individual modification. Options, comments and "rethoughts" will be explored through a delineation of the American marital standards.

"The be married" is often stated by women as an essential goal. Training for future motherhood is begun in early child-hood, whereas a male is skewerdly directed toward exploring aspects of his masculinity and emerging self. While most men expect to find themselves eventually married, they

don't (as women do) derive their sense of worth and status through their mate. Perhaps this is reflected in the pronouncement "man and wife."

When marriage is viewed as a goal, an end in itself, the mate is reduced to a vehicle through which one "obtains" the state of marriage. One wonders how joy and satisfaction would increase if marriage (or alternative structures) was viewed as a by-product of a happy relationship, rather than a concrete, inculcated goal. It seems hardly surprising that, given sexdifferentiated preparation and nonquestioning acceptance (or resignation) of the marriage goal, so many marriages are beset by the probelms of limited fulfillment and stifled growth.

Middle class values extol personal affection and individual choice as the solid foundation for marriage. Often, this is little more than lip-service. Homosexual, bisexuals and other pioneers of new forms, striveing to exercise their individual choice, are denied expression, and are labled deviant. "Freedom" is allowed existence only within tight societal limitations resulting in operative hypocrisy. Personal affection and individual choice must be allowed fuller rein (especially in such a diversified land as our) resulting in greater satisfaction for greater numbers of people, and an extension of the meaning of freedom.

Another facet to this point can be raised. Personal affection between the mates is hailed as the prime basis of a successful marriage. Yet, as we have seen, many marriages conceived in romantic love fail devastatingly. An overemphasis on romanticism may lead to idealization and eventual disillusionment. Perhaps marriage might be better based on the blending of personal affectuibm cinnib abd realistic sense, and active awareness and preparation for the difficulties marriage can present.

In earlier days, and in some present agrarian situations, the family was incorporated into a tight, primary, extended group, encompassing several generations and networks of affinal ties. No doubt stress and problems resulting from over-control and life-long interdependence existed. Today, though, due to the myriad effects of urbanization, corporate employment, etc., the family structure has evolved into an isolated, nuclear unit, removed from kinship ties, or residential ethnic groupings.

The effects of this, both positive and negative, are too numerous to examine here. Instead, we shall question the value of nuclearism upon the children. It would be fascinating to investigate the influence upon children of the many close adult models found in urban and rural communes and tribal structures. Several positive aspects can be hypothesized. The children might identify with a wider scope of humanity due to increased affectional adult contact. Also, a wide variety of surrogates could be offered to a child who perceived his parents as rejecting, or even momentarily unpleasant. Peer-group values might more closely reflect the needs and desires of the group at large. Perhaps middle class America has unconsciously limited the richness and scope of family life be emphasizing an autonomy that might lead to the barren sense of anomie.

A marriage's success is measured by the degree of personal satisfaction and happiness derived from it. Tragically, the number of successful, working marriages is small. Considering society's major investment in the marital structure, one would think that several facilitators could be instituted to aid the success of a marriage. These could include financing neighborhood day care center. (Providing affection, pre-scool readiness aids, supervised peer involvement and aiding working and student mothers) Other ideas might include extensive and humanistic sex-education programs, neighborhood workshops on family planning, economic advisment, human potentialities. Happiness, rather than a gift granted from the heavens, is a continuing process of compromise and understanding.

By aiding epople to achieve self and marital satisfaction, the institution society is most concerned with is strengthened and enhanced.

It is on the question of mongomy where traditionalism and innovation clash most severly. I believe the larger question to be: Is American society flexible enough to embrace pluralistic forms? My guess is that it *must* be, to survive and productively utilize its vast heterogeneity. High rates of divorce and adultry point to the need for revisions of form. Rather than coericively promoting strict monogamy as natural and ordanined, one might view real behavior as an idication of the need for exploring other forms.

Human beings are sexual beings. Failure to recognize this has led to a hideous double standard, has promoted the ugly hypocrisy of legitimate vs. illegitimate sex, has instigated guilt and exploitation into human sexuality. What happens between the time the infant first delights in genital play, and the advert of a young girl labeling her menstrual period a curse? Societal sanctions, adult ignorance and chauvinism, antihuman religosity all contribute to the savage castration of human sexuality. The notion that sex should be confined to marriage, at the same time remaining the greatest ploy of Madison Ave. is diametric and absurd.

Medical technology has sufficiently eradicated the traditionalistic rationale. Yet, the great lie persists, yielding adolescence a time of frustration and axietyridden experimentation and sublimation. The viginity cult, with all it's misrepresentations (chastity is next to godliness) persists. And a serious, seemingly unpenetrable wall divides adults and their children, due to the attempted inculcation of confusing values (premarital sex is dirty, post marital sex is holy) Until these values are rationally and realistically altered, sexually-related problems will continue to rupture the psyches of countless unhappy people.

. Closely linked to the above argument is the continuing permeation of traditionalistic sexism. Rather than being complementary, the differentiated family roles often serve to promote separatism, elful dominance-submissive patterns in relationships, and denying children the experience of quality and quanity interaction with both parents. American society limits its growth potential by advocating constricted and simplistic role models for children's imitation.

Thankfully, a reexamination of these roles is occuring, resulting in new forms. Vast maternal employment is now altering family economic structure; providing women with new senses of integrity and worth; perhaps leading to egalitarian, modernistic marital forms.

Another problem of the American middle class is the demaging over-emphasis on possession and individual gratification. The pioneer days, typified by rugged individualism and competition are lang-gone. It is anachronistic and demaging to stress values unsuitable to the functioning of the "golbal village" we inhabit today. The frontier is now sufficiently mapped and settled. New problems now arise — urban tension, savage racial distinctions, alienation. Values stressing human interdependency and humanistic concern are necessary to salvage and reconstruct the American community.

The family structure can aid in this value revision by emphasizing sharing rather than individual possession, cooperation over competition, contribution as well as achievement. The less divisionary a unit, the stronger than unit becomes, in turn strengthening the members of that unit.

The middle class strives to protect its children from the problems of adulthood and seeks to prolong the internship period. This appears to grate against an offspring's need for autonomy and self-sufficiency in realistic self-appraisal and environmental manipulation. This is not an advocation of exposing the child deliberately to brutality and ugliness. Rather, my belief is that

children need to experience risk-taking, and in some instances, failure. By doing so, they could increase social and personal competence, provided their failures do not affect (through the ignorance of insensitive parents and teachers) their sense of worth.

Also, the polarization between child and adult spheres appears to enhance the adult "mystique" as exciting and tempting. Rather than afforded protention, the adolescent is subtly seduced into awkward adult imitation — drunkenness, aggressiveness, precocious, teasing sexuality — to demonstrate his frustration and impatience. Tragically, misguided "protection" may result in social and/or psychological pathologies.

How much more natural it would be to view life as a continuim, rather than separating epople into cloistered, segregated catagories. The failure to view life holistically is perhaps the saddest aspect of the middle class ethos. By declaring youth as the most desirable of ages, people experience a hollowness decades before their biological death. How incredibly wasteful. Youth is only a segment of the eighty year span expected, of which each year brings the promise and opportunites for new growth, new choices, increased happiness.

Throughout the course of the year, a myriad of new models have been presented and discussed with regard to viability and functionality. I am not fully convinced as to the worth of delineating an alternative model until further research, and perhaps practical experience is incorporated. The fault of traditional middle class marital model lies not so much in its structure, but in its sanctimonious claim as the "one right way." What is ow necessary is not just an alternative model, but an increasing liberation of options.

The blueprints for alternative forms must come from the participants desiring those forms. They must dictate the structure, constantly modifying and experimenting. The middle class marriage is dictated to, resulting in traditional reactions to

authoritarianism — resentment, feelings of entrapment, hostility — not exactly the basis for joyful interaction.

Major issues in erecting new forms include the recognizance of sexuality, both pre- and postpubescent, and incorporation of expanded sensitivity and sexual education programs. Coupled with this could be expanded definitions of parenthood (including adoptive, biological and social parentage), or forms denying the essentiality of parenthood.

Types of family interation and sexual regulations (extended, tribal, homosexual, radically egalitarian) are only as limited as the number of structures considered. Provisions for establishment and dissolution of marriage could become as individualistic as the couple or family deems viable.

Only when marriage (in its various forms) is viewed as an element of individual choice, rather than societal coercion, will it truly provide maximum satisfaction and happiness for the families concerned.

The faminine mystique is quite an effective persuader. The un-married female seems as enigma; viewed as a pitiable, barren spinster or a male-devouring, hardassed competitor. Mothers, anxious to secure a satisfying future for their daughters (and perhaps to vicariously fulfill their own lives) prepare them early for wife- and motherhood. Seven-year-old children are taught to murture plastic surrogate babies. Pink ruffles are the order of the day. Achievement and independence are deemphasized; passivity and domesticity are praised. Women come to believe in their "inferiority" and allow parental, societal, and media manipulation of their minds, their bodies and their lives.

The masculine mystique is equally insidious. en are denied their emotionalism, their gentleness, their humanism, through a widespread promotion of aggressiveness, raw courage, self-assertion and strength. Due to an arbitrary economic structure, the joys and wonder of childrearing are chiefly entrusted to the female.

All parties suffer greatly from the rigid sex-role conditioning they received as children and adolescents.

Perhaps this is most evident in the sphere of human sexuality. So many encounters seem devoid of kindness, respect and honest intimacy. Too many times intercourse becomes exploitative; men chalking up yet another conquest, women deriving a tenuous sense of worth from their desirability, their ability to use men to achieve emotional (and sometimes economic satisfaction.

Enter the human liberation movement; a rethinking process, a fresh set of alternatives to the traps set by rigid and differentiated conditioning. No longer need men and women conform to an exploitative system. The components of masculinity and feminity are under-going an intense examination — resulting in new, operative frameworks of humanhood.

The process of redefining one's self-image is arduous, but the eventual rewards seem well worth the time and effort. Stepping outside a confining mystique needn't emasculate the male nor dehumanize the female. Rather, a fresh insight into one's potential can be relized Men and women can share traits formerly designated to one or the other sex. Growth is defined by the individual self, oversteeping the boundaries imposed by differentiated orientation.

All this should devastatingly affect men's and women's relationships to each other. Meeting on equal terms they can interact on a basis of co-operation, rather than on psychically croppling levels of dominance and submission. Economic achievement and status attainment are no longer only a male birthright, homemaking and child-rearing no longer the exlusive domanin of the women — people can choose from a previously cloistered set of roles. One's life-choices can result from asking "what is best for me", not "what is an 'ordained'" male or female role.

New questions concerning marriage are

asked. No longer defined as a sufficient goal in itself, it may evolve into a dynamic vehicle for self and dual actualization. Also, the structure may grow to include new forms; homosexual alliances, group marriages, communalism, non-legal arrangements, and Margaret Mead's two step marriage; one with, one without children. The single state also bears reexamination; it needn't necessarily denote loneliness and barrenness.

Sexuality, stripped of tension and inane game playing, such, aided by a sense of honesty and respect, grow to be fully satisfying and meaningful. Liberation renders the male hustle and the female tease anachronistic and useless. One's bed needn't be an arena for confrontative carnal knowledge — rather a place for an honest and relaxed sexual experience.

The aim is mutual reciprocity, sharing; in dating, in marriage, in child-rearing. Discarding crippling and dishonest mystiques — men and women face an exhaustive process of rethinking; reevaluation of old, durable institutions and practices. But, the eventual reward is a new sense of human worth; non-exploitative, non-demeaning, devoid of artificial standards of superiority and inferiority.





"Then, to his utter satisfaction, he realized that blood was cozing from a round hole in Clarita's forehead. Neither Vic nor The Shadow had fired that second shot. Its roar was covered by the echo of Vic's own gun. Someone at the doorway behind them had killed Clarits, by trying to kill the Shadow. The Shadow whirled. The intruder was revealed like a shape of ghastly horror in the living-room doorway. It was Number One! His mummy face gleamed yellow with hate above the starched ruff of his black satin Harlequin suit. The Shadow Fired!!"

The Shadow Magazine

By: Steve Francos

The way a culture acts on its members reachs varied levels of individual life. Recent surveys have shown 90% to 99% of all American children read comics. Which is more than TV, Movies, or 'good' books. Some comic book titles have achieved circulation in excess of one million per month. In fact a sales figure of less than six figures is grounds for discontinuing the title.

Comics with this kind of readership and circulation figures strongly impart not only entertainment but state cultural ideals and myth heroes on a simply level. Simply in the sense of presentation not content. For here the child sees possibly his first example of socially stated right and wrong he enjoys while he is exposed to it.

This is basically the position of Mike Uslan at Indiana University. Mike is a 20 year old junior who is teaching an experimental course in comic books.

One aspect considered in the course which I'd like to go into some lenght here on my own is comic world history. Comics as we know them today just didn't pop up in the 1930's and evolve from there. The four color, 25 cent, 48 page comics we've become accustom to reading have ancestors, the old newspaper strips (from all the way back to the 1890's) and pulp magazines. While the newspaper strips had and still do effect comics most of the story lines and 'flavor' early comics recieved came from pulp magazines.

It was in 1937 with the advent of Detective Comics (Mar. 1937) where we can begin to trace the influence of pulps. Comics had by this time (1937) a standardized size (7½ x 10½) but were without a unifying concept, a consistent theme. The March issue of Detective Comics changed all that by becoming a crime pulp with pictures: a comic concerned with the universal conflict between law and order, between good and evil. From this point comics slowly started to gain the colorful appearance we're use too.

Still even with a new perspective comics lacked something. The readership of the

1930's wanted something more pulps filled this need.

Pulps measured $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ and had 114 to 162 pages between full enamel stock covers. Most had 128 pages which usually featured a lead novel of some 50,000 to 60,000 words and a half dozen short stories totaling an additional 20,000 words. Some books featured more stories of shorter lenght, about 80,000.

Pulps were untrimmed magazines named after the soft paper they were printed on. Publishers used pulp paper because there was nothing cheaper. Costs always figured into the publishers profit margin. This was because they had to work with the idea of quantity always in mind. The competition between companies for the available market was incredible. Some pulps were issued weekly, some monthly, bi-monthly, or quarterly but the usual number of pulps appearing on the stands at one time was 250.

Every kind of story imaginable was told, nothing was too fantasic or absurd. A partial list will indicate just how well every kind of subject was covered. There was The Shadow, Flying Aces, Fire Fighters, Dargnet, Weird Tales, Jungle Tales, Doc Savage, Prison Stories, Ghost Stories, Twice-a-Month Love Book, Quick-Trigger Western, Mobs, Front Page Stories, and Secret Agent "X", the Man of a Thousand Faces.

The pulps were cheaply printed, with flashy illustrations, sensationally written and they only cost a dime. They were aimed at the masses the vast lower and middle class buyers, who needed a cheap medium of entertainment.

The stories found in the pulps were all plot. Characterizations was almost non-existant. It would have slowed down the quick paced scripts. Chapters were swiftly paced paragraphs never more than a few sentences and sentences were ckipped and concise. Every single word had to keep the story moving.

Pulp writers were paid according to the number of words in their stories. The pay scale ran from ½ cent low to a high of 3 cents.

Some of the top name people in the field like Walter Gibson author of the 325 Shadow novel (which happens to be the all

time record he turned out one Shadow novel every two weeks for eight years) or Lester Dent author of 165 of the 181 Doc Savage novels got paid \$750 a novel. Both the Shadow and Doc Savage were monthly magazines.

A list of some of the better know authors will give an idea of the different types of people that worked in the field. The early work of Tennessee Williams, MacKinlay Kantor, and Paul Gallico, and the regular appearance of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Dashiell Hammett, Louis L'Amour, Max Brand H. P. Louecraft, Ray Bradbury, Robert Block, and Robert E. Howard.

The pulp magazines were not without their critics. The New York Times (from a letter sent by a Connecticut school teacher) based a campaign against the pulps. The school teacher claimed (The NY Times backing the statement in editorials)that "The mater of pulps constitutes a menace to pupil's morals, English and Mind." More editorials followed and succeeded in little more than stirring up a storm of controversy. But the pulps were to decline due to their changing readership. The times were changing, living in American had accelerated considerably since the advent of pulps.

Pulp publishers looked for new ways to sell their material and meet the times. They discovered the comic book. So the industry had come full circle from Detective Comics into pulp magazines back to changing a number of their pulps into comic titles.

The pulp heroes had maintained a vast readership, had filled an entertainment need in America but their day was over. Still the fact remains that these characters both pulp and comic have become part of our nationsmyth-structure. The effect of the comic world on TV, the movies (notabily Federico Fellini), slang, mustic, and to a degree the way Americans look at themselves can be seen if one only looks around today.

For those of you who have been interested in some aspect of the comic world but never knew where to look or find additional information here's place to start.

Nostalga material is good business and has stores devoted solely to supplying the ever expanding market. Unlike New York and Los Angeles which abound with these types of stores Chicago has only one: The Acme Book Store located at 414 North Clark Street.

Within the last two years one publishing company has appeared with lists of nothing but nostaligic oriented books. Quite amply named! Nostalgia Press. To get a catolog send name and address to Nostalgia Press, Box 293, Franklin Square, N.Y. 11010.

Since fantasy and sword & sorcery have gained such popularity in recent years a list of this sort would be incomplete without mentioning a good buying/info source on the topic.

The Fantasy Collector

P.O. Box 550

Evergreen, Colo. 80439

Although Nostaligia Press offers reprints of entire newspaper strips (like Flash Gordon, Popeye, Terry & The Pirates etc.) there is one other place to get old newspaper reprints. The Comic World published by Memory Lane located at 594 Markham street, Toronto, Ontario. Comic World is a combination of exact reprints and written history of the earliest newspaper strips.

Probably the three best books covering both Comic book impact and history are:

The Great Comic Book Heroes by Jules Feiffer

The Sterako – History of Comics. Vol. 1 by James Sterako

All In Color For A Dime edited by Dick

Lupoff & Don Thompson

The following is the only monthly advertisement catalog/magazine of its sort published. With an average of eighty pages; every nostalgic item one could imagine is listed. Anything from old radio shows on cassette tapes or listings of old comic books — pulps — SF books for sale to Lone Ranger club pins can be found.

Rocket's Blast Comicollector

order from: The SFCA

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Within

The Spirit

Seminarian

A gargoyle gapes in waiting at the west gate The trashman spills the ean . . . The basket, the pan regurgitate the secrets of a hundred families.

The buzzard with his piek-stick and burlap shoulder-sack grins a toothless ereseent piecrusted by an ashen tongue. He knows something.

At the west gate
a pillbox squats
tatting steamlace streamers.
You would point
to its screened-in grilles
and say: See!
it's a vent for underground pipes!
I, myself,
have thought of it as a pedestal
for the pock-beaked gargoyle
who crouches atop
leaning twisted on his spike-tipped prop
ready to vomit a river of lead

Ask the pug-dwarf he grins, thrusts
the stick-point
hard into the belly
of a dead Dixie eup calls the mass
an altar.

onto the sidewalk.

Anyone ean see that.

- consecrated to the sacrifice of wastebasket heirlooms.

Perfidious Man - Part I

Perfidious man,

cursed the day

you left the cave

to poison, pilfer, and maim

The beauty of the Blue Heron, Lake Erie,

and every corner of our blue-green

spaceship

earth . . .

You blemished the eye

of Cancer

Touched and defiled

that silver orb of the moon-children

irreparably infected the

Piseean tides of the Mother sea

and acidly afflicted

the sweet, refreshing neetar

of the Aquarians.

Perfidious Man - Part II

What makes the mutant experiment

ealled Man

think that he is above

Mother Nurture.

removed enough to torture and tamper with the love-life pearl of the Universe???

Perfidious man, you have forgotten the Ecclesiastical warning That you are not preeminent

over the

Beast:

for all is vanity . . . as one dieth, so dieth the other . . .

till death, us do part.

The thought of death submerged in a lake the wind of a life not to be, settles in the ripples of the surface directs it as a strictly pensive process, the current of a being that was stirs in the depths of latent conscious developing from a slowly swirling insignificance

The thought of death submerged in a lake gripped by a bowl of terrain known as existance

No Name

THE WIND

By Cynthia Norris

The wind knocks upon my door. My door rattles, then parts of the wind come in around the cracks and the pine standing next to my cabin rubs its short, strong needles on the boards. I sit straight up, awakened from a sound sleep: the door rattles and bits of wind come in so I snuggle down under blankets and sheets before the moving wisps of air make me cold, but the sound of the tree rubbing on dead wood makes me cold.

FROM A PRISON CAMP

Look God, I have spoken to You, But now I want to say How Do You Do, You see God, they told me You didn't exist, And like a fool, I believed all this.

Last Night from this hell hole, I saw your sky I figured right then, they had told me a lie; Had I taken time to see Your Face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say But I'm sure glad God, I met You today; I guess the prison guards will soon be here, But I'm not afraid since I know You're here.

They're comming — well God, I'll have to go, I like you lots, thi
I like you lots, I want You to know,
Look now, this torture has horrible fright,
Who knows — I may come to Your house tonight.
Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
I wonder God, if You'd wait at Your door;
Look, I'm crying — me, shedding tears?
I wish I had known You these many years.

They're here -I have to go now God - Goodbye!Strange... since I met You - I'm not afraid to die!

> Prisoner of War Camp Osaka, Japan August 12, 1945

Terrify

By: Leigh Heflin

In Medieval England there lived a maiden by the name of Juliana. She was of a noble family which was running about three steps ahead of Poverty, the local tax collector. That made if difficult for Juliana's father to marry her off. Nor did she help matters any with her peculiar brand of oddity. She had the habit of beginning at least every other sentence with, "Oh, fie!"

Juliana spent the first two and a half decades of her life saying, "Oh, fie!" to everything in sight and looking very bored. One look at her portrait (which was hanged in the Royal Museum by the other portraits ther) would be enough to convince the most charitable of persons that Juliana had no room to "Oh, fie!" anyone.

For this reason, whenever her father proposed marriage between her and some noble man, a reply of "Yek!" was always forthcoming. Her father tried mightily to find a husband for her. He even tried the tax collector who replied, "Yek!" I'd rather have the money."

Juliana's father began to eary of the search for a husband for his daughter and one day he suggested, very discreetly, that she take up the quest herself which was, theoritically, against the rules. "Oh, fie!" she answered. "What need have I for a husband?"

"Well, for one thing," her father retorted, "if I should ide, under the law all my property, such as it is, will go to your cousin, Egbert!"

Now, cousin Egbert was about as rotten an egg as Medieval England every produced. He was a fat, slovenly pig who ate with his fingers, slept with his hounds, bathed twice a year, and never trimmed his beard. Of course, this was true of most of the nobility of those times. But Egbert had one definite drawback which the others did not: he wasn't fussy. He'd marry anyone — even Juliana. And, under English law, when Egbert took over the property of Juliana's father, he also took over Juliana. He could even marry her if he wanted to — if he could get a dispensation from the Church. (This was not difficult.)

After giving some thought to the above proposition, Juliana shreked, "Oh, fie!" true to form, and determined to try to find a husband.

In Juliana's case, this was not a simple task. The harder she tried, the more meager the crop of prospects became. As word of Juliana's search spread, eligible men, young and old, began to marry themselves off, left and right to practically anybody. (There is even the story of one man who married himself off to a donkey and made it stick — but this is pure heresy.

She placed want ads in all the local minstrels, but to no avail. She even wrote a letter to be king, who could't read, but it was useless. He did not become alarmed until he learned that seven hundred and fifty-two eligible bachelors had left the country during one particularly active month.

The king invited Juliana and her father to London to attend the camel races which were being sponsored by a band of wandering moslems in an effort to spark the Bonds for Islam drive which had been starting fires all over Europe. While attending the races, sure enough, a fire broke out. While fleeing from the flames, Juliana came upon a disgruntled knight whose winning parimutuel parchment had been destroyed by the fire. "Oh, fie!" he said, which was a

mistake right there because Juliana overheard and was immediately drawn to him.

This knight was Sir Waldred who had fallen out of favor with the king because he invariably burped loudly whenever the king made a speach. Sir Waldred had no manners, all kinds of money (English, Roman, Greek, Persian, etc.) and he would do anything to get back into the king's good graces. Word soon reached the king (through Juliana's megaphone) that maid Juliana was smitten. With the use of a little royal oil (a little dab'll do ya, but two for good measure) Sir Waldred soon discovered that he was madly in love with maid Juliana. And seven hundred and fifty eligible, tax-paying bachelors returned to the realm of their birth (two had gotten married).

We know, from the records, that Juliana and Sir Waldred were married but the only parable to come out of the auspicious occasion is that when asked if she took Sir Waldred, and all that, she replied, "Oh, fie!" Of course, I do."

After the ceremony, a page read a message from the king (during which Sir Waldred burped parcitically non-stop), in which the king raised Sir Waldred to the rank of Lord. So, Lord and Lady Waldred settled down in papa's castle, where Lady Waldred resumed her vocation as the first lady of English snobbery.

Lord Waldred embarked upon a campaign to please his new bride. But she would grow old and narrow before he would accomplish this. In fact, he never did. He became expert with the bow, practicing at every opportunity.

"Oh, fie!" The lowliest yeoman can do that."

He became an expert at jousting, winning many honors at the tournaments.

"Oh, fie! All the nobles do that."

He told her she was going to have a baby.

"Oh, fie! Dammit!"

It was during a fox chase that Lady Waldred's father caught it. First, he caught the fox, which bit him. Then, he caught rabies, which killed him. When Lady Waldred heard of this she said — well, you know what she said.

For months after the funeral, people had reported seeing a ghostly figure walk-

ing about the moors at night. Just what all those people were doing out on the moors at night is not clear, but it must be remembered that in those days they didn't have drive-in movies. Nevertheless, one morning a frightened servant reported to Lady Waldred that she's seen her father's ghost roaming the castle at night. "Oh, fie! I don't believe in ghosts," she admonished.

The next day Lord Waldred announced that he had seen the ghost. "Oh, fie! You're as bad as the servants," his wife chided.

That night, while Lord Waldred was "sitting up with a sick friend," Lady Waldred was alone in her bed chamber, embroidering "Oh, fie!" on the family crest. Suddently, there was a blast of chill wind and the room was cast into darkness. Before the eyes of a horrifed Lady Waldred there appeared the ghost of her father with drawn face, drawn sword, and drawn blinds.

For once in her life, Juliana was speechless. "What? No greeting for your father?" spoke the apparition. There was no answer. "Not even a fie for your father?" Still, there was no answer. "If you'll not give it, as once you gave it so freely, then I'll take the fie!" He reached into her throat with his specter's hand and wrested and wrenched until, at last, she croaked, "Fie!"

"See! I told you I saw your father's ghost, "came a voice from the doorway. It was the servant.

"What are you doing here?" the ghost demanded. "I told you to wait in the kitchen.

"I just came up to tell you the tea's ready," she said.

"I'll be down in a minute," said the ghost.

The big-mouthed servant just couldn't keep a secret and she spread the story all over the place. "Yer should a seen the ghost tear a fie from 'er throat," was her favorite line. And pretty soon, "tear a fie" came to mean that a person is so frightened that he is unable to speak. When the phrase was brought to this country during the latter part of the eighteenth century, feeling was running so strongly against England that the speeking was changed out of sheer spite. We had ruined one of their favorite words.

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The teacher will move more into the role of a resource person and a guiding factor when needed — not one of a machine which spews out truckloads of programmed knowledge to thousands of students who in turn regurgitate truckloads of programmed bull.

It is mandatory that a person be allowed to look into the areas of knowledge which interest him. If this is not done, education will repidly decline into a more computerized science than it already is. As a result of the type of education new available, there is more possibility that more people will drop out, and fall into the category of people who know not much and care even less about the things which vitally affect them. Unless we simply wish to ride along with the impending doom of the present system, there is no other course open except to change the educational system drastically. Of course, there is the option of withdrawing from societal education, but the success of this type of action would be limited to those few of true intelligence who would succeed in attaining their personal goals, no matter what. The need for this change is manifest in the increasing minimization of students who actually set goals for themselves and see these goals realized. The fire of Revolution on University campuses has not been extinguished yet; it has merely disguised itself under a cloak of more reational action. However, it is smouldering, and if allowed to continue to merely smoulder, its last flicker may soon be seen. It is up to anyone who is legitimately (by their own choice) on a college campus, or high school for that matter, to speak out and to take the necessary steps, however drastic, to see that the proper action is taken to form a truly educational society in every aspect. It is the educational system which affects our total being; for no matter what we do besides initiate action, we have learned to do it and the manner in which we learn in turn affects the way we teach. If this is changed, many prople may be shocked to find some true happiness in living, whether they run a corporation or collect garbage (both of which pay about the same now).

Since the change is inevitable, it would be well to think of what system would be best for Harper. However, there is a problem The traditional stumbling block for changes in a junior college is the fear that it cannot be more liberal than the the 4 year schools than it sends students to. However, the check will different schools about the

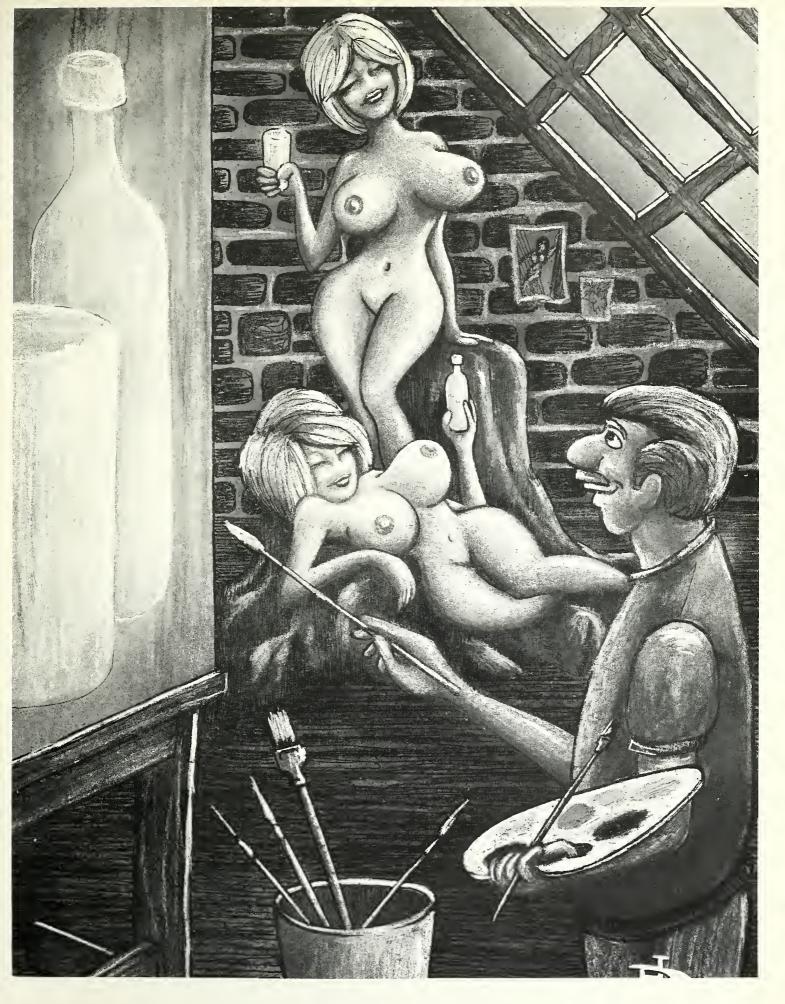
acceptability of A-B-C no-credit grades shows this reasoning to be false. It is the opinion of the authors that the A-B-C no-credit system has shown itself to be a viable improvement and should be used for all courses with a pass-fail option similar to the University of Illinois', available for electives.

So far about 200 Harper students have signed a petition requesting an A-B-C no-credit system for Harper with only about 8 students refuring to sign. These 2000 student signatures are about 16 times the number of students who voted in the last Student Senate elections. And yet, the old system remains. Dr. Fischer, Vice-President of Student Affiars said, "I don't think that Harper is ready for a new system." Are you ready for A-B-C no-credit system? A new system that doesn't punish you twice? Or, since it was good enough for the past fourteen years, does that make it good enough now?

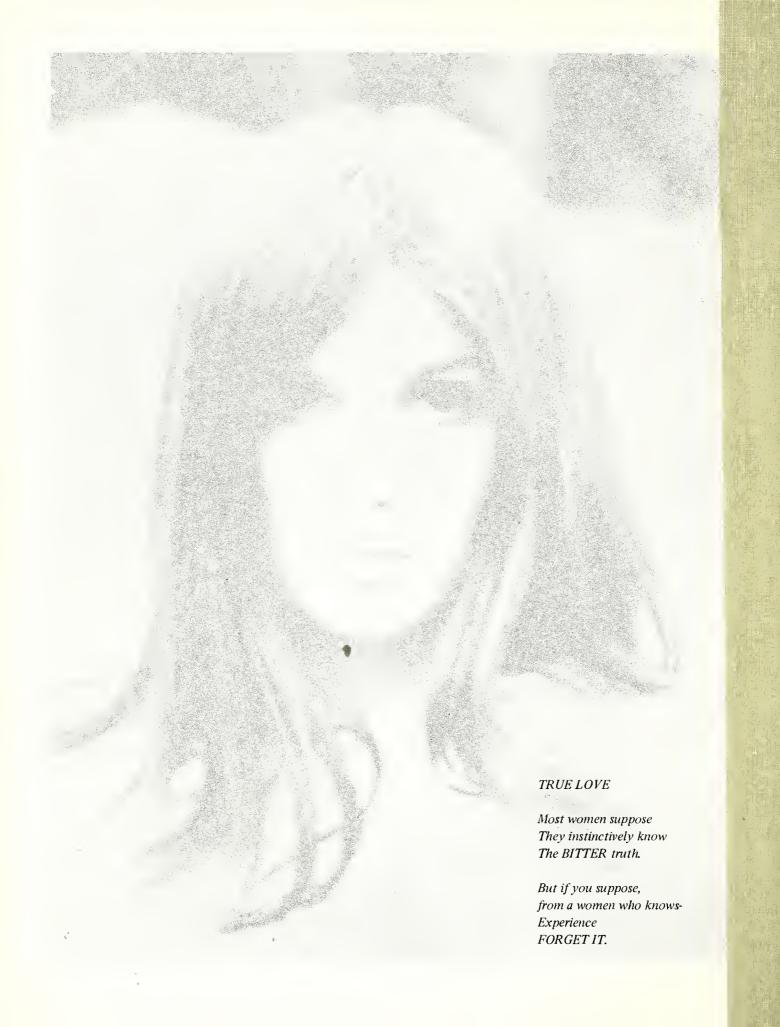




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